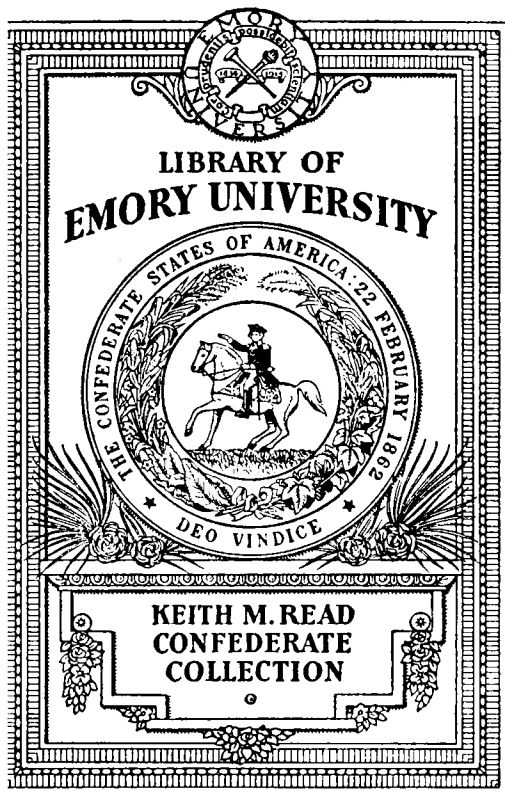


A Reminiscent Story of the
Civil War

by
Henry H. Baker
Second Paper

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A REMINISCENT STORY OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR

SECOND PAPER

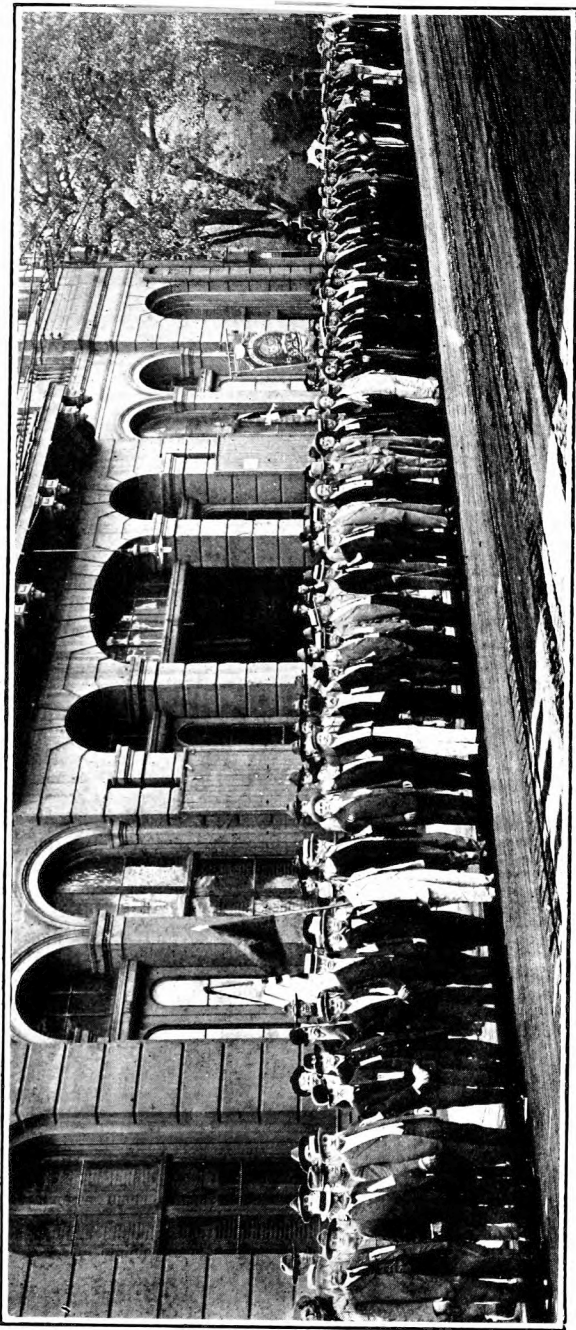
A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

By

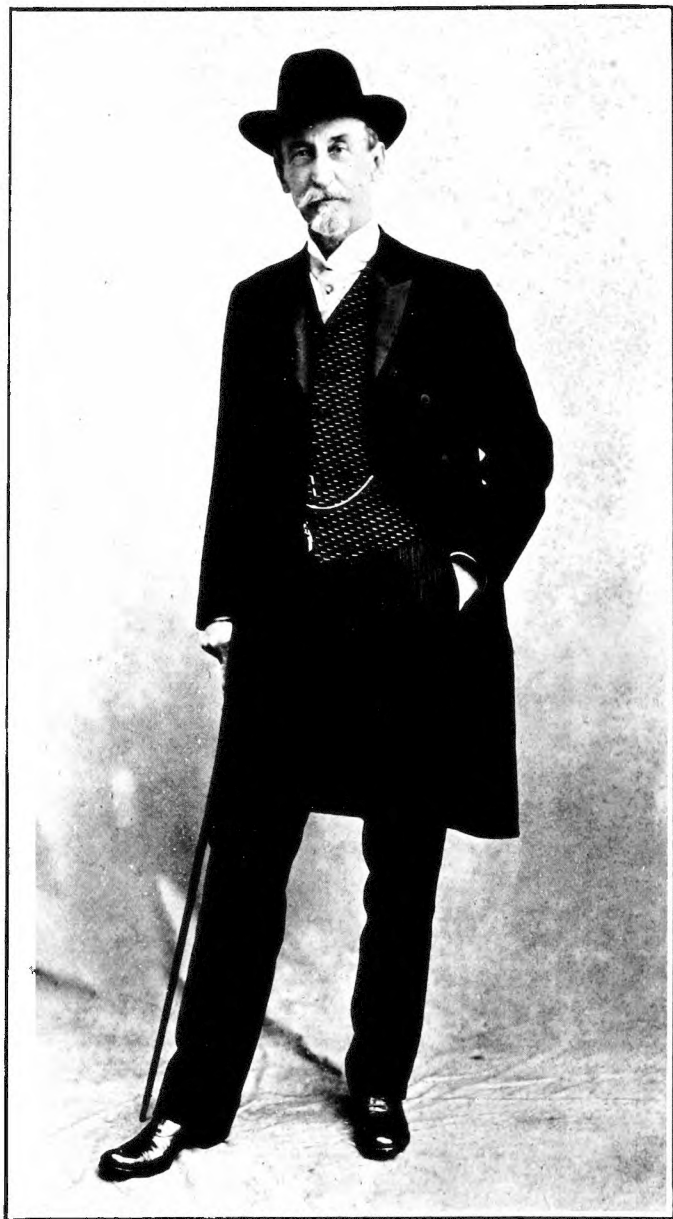
HENRY H. BAKER

1911

The Ruskin Press
New Orleans



Washington Artillery, Fiftieth Anniversary of their departure from New Orleans for the seat of war in Virginia.
For the names of members present see pages 63 and 64.



PAGE M. BAKER

Photo by Frank B. Moore

THIS PAPER IS DEDICATED TO MY BROTHER

PAGE MERCER BAKER

MY LATE BROTHER was my boon companion during the dreadful struggle between the North and South in the sixties, and he and I shared alike all the pleasures of association with the noble, generous and patriotic people of Virginia and we suffered also, without a murmur, all the hardships and privations incident to that woeful and fratricidal war which tried men's souls. He was gallant as he was lofty, honorable and kind. He was my beau ideal of what a man should be, and I honored, respected and loved him. Page M. Baker measured fully up to the highest standard of virtue, integrity and Christian charity. His active and ennobling life was spent to a large extent in alleviating the suffering and misery of those who lived in the scope of his wide influence. The peculiarly moulded talent which he possessed and his admirable administrative ability placed him at the head of that great metropolitan newspaper—*The Times-Democrat*—and gave him ample opportunity to carry out his philanthropic work. His splendid example of citizenship will doubtless live long after him, and his memory will be surely nurtured and kept green, by the poor for whom he had

ever battled, with all the vigor and power at his command. He sought no political honors from the people of the Southland, that he loved so well, his ambition was rather, with his ever ready pen, to try and improve their condition and rehabilitate the waste places of our land, that thrift, industry and progress might take the place of inactivity and discontent.

When I fully realized that my main stay, my loving brother was no more, and that I had been left the sole survivor of a family of seven, I felt as though I were on a rudderless boat drifting upon a limitless sea so dependent was I upon his brotherly affection and counsel.

Were it not that I too may soon join the ranks of that silent army, the terrible loss to me would seem irreparable. On the 28th of May, 1910, his soul passed into eternity, and his remains rest peacefully among the flowers and birds he loved so well, in the beautiful Metairie Cemetery, in this, the Crescent City.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Henry C. Barker". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned at the bottom of the page, below the main body of text.

A Reminiscent Story of the Great Civil War

MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

SECOND PAPER

New Orleans, Dec. 13, 1911.

The Washington Artillery gave a banquet to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of their departure for the seat of war in 1861. This great event in the career of the battalion took place at the Grunewald Hotel on the evening of the 27th of May, 1911. Before assembling at the hotel, these veterans, in the afternoon, escorted by the present active corps of the battalion, marched over the same route that the command had, with their gay and handsome uniforms, and banners flying, proudly covered many years ago. These grim old soldiers, as they made their way with faltering steps along the crowded thoroughfare, attracted little attention. There was no glittering display of military splendor to captivate the eye of those who thronged the city's busy mart. The magnificent stand of colors, a gift of love and patriotism from the ladies of New Orleans, was carried in the parade, but it was carefully and tenderly furled to preserve its silken threads that had stood the wear and tear of half a century.

As we gazed upon this sacred trust of ours, which will remain furled forever, we can but recall these pathetically beautiful lines by Father Ryan, the poet-priest:

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
 Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
 Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its shaft and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
 Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
 Now must furl it with a sigh.

Fold that Banner! fold it sadly!
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
 Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
 O'er their freedom or their grave!
Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
 Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so.
Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet, 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.

The boys of the Washington Artillery rallied around with great enthusiasm this beautiful banner in 1861, when Montgomery, the tall and handsome color bearer of the battalion, proudly held it aloft as he marched at the head of the command.

No martial strains came from the famous military band, in this parade, that had followed the boys to Virginia, at whose head strode pompously the towering drum major; nor was there the Petite Vivandiere with her unique and effective costume, and gay and jaunty steps to enliven the scene, on this memorable occasion. There was no fluttering handkerchiefs from crowded balconies, no mothers, wives,

sisters and sweethearts, with tear bedimmed eyes, bidding the soldier boys farewell, as was so pathetically the case fifty years ago.

How sad it all seems now, when one recalls with what buoyant spirits all the young men of this command enlisted in the Confederate Army and how they thrilled with patriotism and devotion to their beloved Southland when they departed from home and friends for the Old Dominion, midst the plaudits of the public. Many of these same young men who were so gay and lighthearted then, are now bent and twisted, like sturdy oaks that the withering blasts of storms have swept for many years. The members of the vanishing ranks of this old command, however, are proud of the traditions of the Washington Artillery and constantly gather around their camp fires, so to speak, and relate, over and over again, to eager listeners, incidents and experiences of army life.

After fifty years one would suppose that the sensitive and delicate piece of human mechanism, memory, would cease to respond to the many demands upon it. Even that wonderful invention of modern times, the phonograph, with its hardened disc, from which so marvelously and minutely is reproduced the human voice, wears out from constant use, and so it is that I find that some of the most important events in my career as a soldier have been obliterated, while others of the most trivial nature, remain as fresh in my memory as though they had happened yesterday. I am led to these reflections after a vain effort to trace my steps from peaceful camping grounds to the firing line where brave and gallant soldiers grappled with each other in deadly conflict. I will not attempt in these personal reminiscences to

go into a detailed account of the positions occupied by the various commands in the different engagements, marches and manoeuvres of the army, I will instead confine myself, as near as possible, to my personal observations and experiences while campaigning with the Army of Northern Virginia. I was but a pawn on the chess board of this great drama, and was not supposed to know what was transpiring in the army. I was fond of army life and all the adventures and excitement incident thereto.

I obeyed orders blindly and strictly as all good soldiers should do, and I was no fault finder. When rations were short I was satisfied to get a cup of corn coffee sweetened with sorghum and a cracker; when that was not obtainable, I would pluck sassafras buds and gather wild onions, like the rest of my comrades, and make a meal. I was painstaking, punctual, and I tried always to act fairly with my associates. I avoided subjects which might lead to a clash with those who were so intimately thrown with me. My good mother had imbued me with the idea that I must be a gentleman at all times, and she had also instilled into my mind the fact that liquor and tobacco were dangerous to health and not conducive to good morals. She besides tabooed gambling of all description. I religiously followed her admonition and served the entire war just as she would have had me do. I made many friends among the best people of Virginia owing, partly, to this fact. Gen. Cocke, whose beautiful James River estate was one of the handsomest near Richmond, took quite a fancy to me and invited me, several times, to be his guest. Gen. Cocke, at that time, was a great temperance leader, and a man of wide prominence. I discovered while on the march during

the rigor of winter, when the battalion was passing over the rugged roads, and through storms of sleet and snow, with the ground frozen under foot, that my abstemious habits served me well. I often secured a mount because some horseman, who had been drinking, was almost frozen to his saddle, and preferred to walk, while I suffered no great discomfort.

No matter whether it rained or snowed, the boys of the Washington Artillery, as a body, were unflinching, and no amount of discomfort or hardship could break their spirits. Often when it was pouring rain and the roads were deep with mud, the army would look on with amazement as the boys would pass along the road with a swing and dash so characteristic of them, wet to the skin, singing one of their rollicking camp songs.

UPI DEI.

The shades of night were falling fast,
Tra la, la, tra la, la;
The Bugler blew that well-known blast,
Tra la, la, la, la;
No matter should it rain or snow
That Bugler he was bound to blow.

Chorus:

Upi, dei, dei, di, Upi de, Upi di,
Upi, dei, dei, di, Upi dei di.
Wh'rrr, rrr, rrr, rrr,
Yai! yai! yai! yai! yai! yai! yai;
Upi, dei, dei, di, Upi de, Upi di,
Upi, dei, dei, di, Upi dei di.

In nice log hut he saw the light of cabin
fires burning bright
The sight afforded him no heat, and so
he sounded the retreat.
He saw, as in their bunks they lay, how
soldiers spend the dawning day;
There's too much comfort there, said
he, and then he sounded the Reveille.
Upon the fire he saw a pot of savory
viands smoking hot,
Says he, you shan't enjoy that stew,
then boots and saddles loudly blew.
They scarce their half-cooked meals be-
gin, ere orderly cries out "Fall in!"
Then off they march thro' mud and rain,
only to march back again.
But, soldiers, you were made to fight,
starve all day and march all night.
And should you chance get bread and
meat, that Bugler will not let you eat.
Oh! hasten then glorious day, when Bugler
shall no longer play;
When we through peace shall be set free
From "Tattoo," "Taps" and "Reveille."

There was no other command in the Army of Northern Virginia that I can recall that was quite so indifferent to the hardships incident to army life, excepting possibly the Richmond Howitzers. This battery was considered the crack artillery command of the army from Virginia. The members were from the elite of Richmond. I had the pleasure of knowing many of them personally, and I admired, immensely, their superb soldierly bearing and bravery. There was a pleasant rivalry during the war between the

Howitzers and the Washington Artillery. One of its clever members wrote a history recounting the achievements of their battery. This reminiscent story contained an amusing witticism which created a lot of merriment among our boys. He says:

“It was a great mistake to suppose that the late war was between the United States and the Confederate States. Everybody knows that it was between the Washington Artillery and the United States.”

This may seem ridiculous, but seriously speaking many of our boys did think that the Washington Artillery was the whole “shooting match.” At Gettysburg, when the greatest battle of modern times was about to open, the Howitzers swung into line by our side. They had a wheel shot away from one of their pieces during the frightful cannonading which shook the hills for forty miles around, sending the dreadful intonations down the beautiful valleys of Pennsylvania, which were so soon to be devastated by the cruel clash of arms. While the dense clouds of smoke from the discharge of these six hundred pieces of artillery hung heavily over and about us, effectually veiling both armies from view, two others and myself ran back and secured a fifth wheel from one of our caissons and gave it to them that they might be fully equipped when the battle opened in earnest. After the battle of Bull Run and other early engagements of the war, where the Washington Artillery took a conspicuous part, the army gave our command the sobriquet of the “Celebrated Battery.” Even to this day one may hear many of those dauntless soldiers whose deeds of valor gained them the admiration of all the nations of the world say with pride: “Our regiment supported the Washington Artillery in such and such a battle.” It has been my

pleasure to have met many of the gallant soldiers of the other side, our antagonists, who fought so bravely to preserve the Union; they also were proud to have had their commands pitted against the "Celebrated Battery."

Col. George D. Sidman, who was the color bearer of the 16th Michigan Regiment, and who had been awarded the Congress medal of honor for conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Gain's Mill, says: "The Washington Artillery shot away the top of my flag staff at the battle of Fredericksburg." These courageous and fair-minded soldiers of the North made it possible to reunite this great country of ours. There is no bitterness existing now between the men who engaged in the desperate struggle between the North and South; if any enmity exists at all, it is entertained by those, on both sides of that great controversy, who cowardly evaded military duty that they might enrich themselves upon the misfortunes of those who hurried to the front bravely and patriotically to fight for their country.

There is one cruel incident, however, that blackened the period just after the fall of the Confederacy, an incident that fired the minds of the Southern people with indignation when their cups of bitterness had already been filled to overflowing. The incarceration of their beloved president in a dungeon and the placing of iron shackles upon his feeble frame, this act overwhelmed them with sympathy and sorrow. What a humiliation it must have been to this grand old man who had won honors for his country on the battlefields of Mexico and had with marked distinction fought bravely for the rights of his people in the Congress of the Nation. The Southern people were right to bow down their heads in sorrow,

for President Davis had always been their champion and defender. The whole world looked on aghast at that fiendish and cruel spectacle. This last act of the war drama was being enacted, too, by a country that boasted of its advanced civilization and charity. This foul blot upon the escutcheon of the Federal Government can never be effaced, the accusing stain will go down in the annals of history, and whenever mentioned should cause the blush of shame to tinge the cheeks of those whose cruel ancestors participated in the hellish deed.

There was not a man or woman in the South who was not horror stricken when they heard of the cruel assassination of President Lincoln, and to have coupled the names of President Davis and the Hon. C. C. Clay, Jr., with the foul murder was just as vile and reprehensible as the act of the crazy fanatic who carried out so swiftly and so cowardly the tragic act which startled the whole civilized world.

Davis and Clay were not only accused of participating in this heinous crime, but they were incarcerated in Fortress Monroe and in the most loathsome dungeons in that fort. While in prison these gallant and distinguished men of the "Lost Cause" were offered the most humiliating indignities, not only by the officers in command, but by the guards of the prison as well. Gen. Miles commanded Fortress Monroe and although extremely affable and courteous to that splendid woman, Mrs. Clay, when she was allowed to visit her distinguished husband, was unbending, harsh and inconsiderate to her when under the whip of his superior. It is claimed that the man who was dictating the trial of Davis and Clay was determined to have them crushed out of existence, if possible.

There was another willing tool and a renegade who occupied an exalted position in military affairs, one Holt by name. Holt was judge advocate of the military tribunal. His main business seemed to have been to manufacture perjured evidence which might bring these innocent men to their death. Holt was servile also to the bidding of his master, and but for the discovery of the cruel and diabolical judicial plot of Holt and others these two great men would doubtless have been executed for a crime they deplored as did all the good people of the South. While in prison they were not allowed to communicate with their wives or friends and their coarse and unpalatable food was passed through the iron grating to their cells without knives, forks, or spoons. Many of the men who guarded their damp dungeons, had imbibed the bitter feeling of their superior officers and therefore the prisoners were the object of many insults from them. Mr. Clay, who was feeble in health warded off sickness by cleanliness. One day he asked a guard if he would be kind enough to get him a little hot water. The guard turned upon him saying: "You damned rebels ought to be thankful for anything you get." Mr. Clay who was the personification of gentleness and kindness said: "I am indeed very thankful for every thing given me." This rough soldier was not bad at heart, but he had heard his superiors denouncing the prisoners and it was natural in such an atmosphere to follow their example. A few minutes afterwards the same guard approached Mr. Clay and said, "I will get the hot water for you, Mr. Clay, because I believe you are a Christian gentleman and I am sorry and ashamed that I spoke to you as I did just now." It will be remembered that when Gen. Miles was an aspirant

for the presidency, if I mistake not, he disclaimed any responsibility for the placing of iron shackles upon President Davis. He was ordered to do so he said, and there was no alternative. On one of Mrs. Clay's visits to her husband, bearing an order from President Johnston to admit her to the prison she was detained for hours in Gen. Miles' library and almost in despair she inquired of Gen. Miles "why she could not be taken to Mr. Clay at once as the president was supposed to be commander in chief." With the suaveness so characteristic of this coxcomb he asked her to "be patient." She inquired of him if she could use the wires, but that privilege was not accorded her because he said "the department was using them." Mrs. Clay sank back in her chair discouraged and heartsick, but as she did not care to let him see the anguish which threatened to unnerve her she took up a book lying on the table, and opening it, she saw on the fly leaf the autograph of Gen. Wise, the well known Virginia statesman. She glanced up at Gen. Miles who quickly divining the drift of her thoughts, said, "Mrs. Clay, Gen. Butler occupied these quarters before I came to them, and that explains the book being here." This shows that Gen. Butler practiced his legerdemain not only in New Orleans but wherever he chanced to be.

Mrs. Baker's father, L. F. Generes, a banker of this city, who had already suffered many disasters by the war, was threatened with imprisonment at Fort Jackson by Butler if he failed to comply with his demand for \$50,000. Mr. Generes was in ill health at the time and he paid the money. (Historical. See James Parton's History, "Butler in New Orleans.")

The unwillingness to allow Mrs. Clay to visit her husband can be accounted for in no other way than that she had gotten the bill of particulars arranged with so much care by the Italian hand of Holt in the case against the accused, and they evidently knew that the bill was so full of perjured evidence that Mr. Davis and Mr. Clay could prove every accusation false. Many of the above facts I have gleaned from the interesting biography of Mrs. C. C. Clay, written by Ada Sterling, entitled "A Belle of the Fifties." Those seeking the truth regarding the imprisonment of Messrs. Davis and Clay, will find a most interesting narrative of those shocking times. I traveled South with Mr. and Mrs. Clay on their way from Fortress Monroe, their niece, a Miss Moore, from Huntsville, Ala., accompanied them. It was my pleasure to have seen a great deal of this distinguished party, and I learned much of the horrible prison life and the terrible struggle of that noble gentleman to free his name of the blot which his enemies were seeking to place upon it.

As one looks back upon those terrible times it is hard to believe that the Federal Government could sanction and support such beasts in power.

Let us build monuments to commemorate the deeds of valor of the great soldiers of both North and South and erect shafts to the memory of great and pure statesmen, but let us be careful not to perpetuate the memory of those whose deeds of dishonor have placed a stigma upon this broad and great country of ours.

I try to forget all the horrible acts of cruelty inflicted upon the Southern people at that time. As one's mind reverts to the frightful period of the Reconstruction he can but believe and hope that his

government may find some way to consign the records of it all to oblivion.

I never felt any resentment against the Union soldiers; they, like myself, were fighting for a principle that was dear to their hearts, they to preserve the Union, and we to protect our homes and the rights guaranteed us by the Constitution.

Our battery was changing its position one day during a hot skirmish. I darted through a piece of woods and ran upon a desperately wounded Yankee soldier. He was startled when he saw me, and begged me not to kill him. I took off my canteen of water and handed it to him. "Do you suppose," I said, "that the Confederate soldiers kill their wounded enemy?" He was lying on his back and the burning rays of the sun were beating down upon him. I hastily arranged a blanket so as to shade him and left him to join my battery.

We are a reunited people; the courageous men who participated in the brilliant military contest that startled the world, have extended the hand of friendship, and are earnestly trying to forget and forgive all the sorrow and misfortune engendered by the war.

The Southern soldiers have even forgotten the march of Sherman to the sea, when the flaming torch was applied without reserve to the homes of defenseless and terror stricken women and children, to churches and schools; in fact, nothing was sacred enough to be left standing in the trail of this great army worm, as it wriggled with its hideous proportions and satiated stomachs to the sea. The whole country was so devastated that Sherman's men said, with exultation and pride, "that a crow could not find sustenance to keep it alive in a flight across that

wasted territory.' It is claimed that that was war as a palliation for the wanton destruction of property, the murder of innocent people, and the shameful insults offered to the brave and good women of the South whose fathers, husbands and brothers were away from home fighting for what they deemed their sacred rights. Sherman was reported to have said that "war was hell," and he no doubt carried out his idea in this case to its fullest meaning.

Some years ago my wife, while in Chicago, attending the grand spectacular performance "America," the band played "Marching Through Georgia." Instantly most of the immense audience that filled the Auditorium arose with excitement and cheered. She kept her seat with tears gushing from her eyes as she recalled the vivid picture of the results of the terrible and heartless march of the invaders through our beloved Southland. "They know not what they do," she contemplated between her sobs. If they had known all the misery and heartaches caused by these cruel invaders they would have doubtless, instead of cheering, offered a prayer for the inhuman monsters who planned and executed with so much venom and hatred Sherman's march to the Sea. No historian has ever succeeded in picturing the horrors of this raid into our beloved country nor told half the story of the robbery and rapine that darkened the period of which I write.

The greatest soldier that this country ever produced, since Washington, had a far different view of war.

Gen. R. E. Lee, who led the Army of Northern Virginia into the enemy's country on his way to Gettysburg, issued strenuous orders to his command, ragged and hungry as they were, not to molest the homes and

property of the enemy. To give an idea of how this order was obeyed I will relate an adventure of my brother Page and myself. We found that we could save a tedious march by cutting through a gap in the mountains, and in doing so came upon a beautiful creamery, just on the border of a mountain stream. We opened the door and looked in. On a circular shelf in rows sat huge crocks of cream, milk and butter, the cool and sparkling water danced merrily in from the mountain stream above and meandered around the tempting vessels, then out upon the opposite side, forming a silvery cascade as it splashed down into the stream below. It was a great temptation to hungry men like ourselves, but we respected the orders of our humane and just commander and closed the door. We kept on up the path leading from the creamery, and discovered a mansion picturesquely pitched on the slope of the mountain. There we found the owners of the cream, milk and butter. We made our presence known and a woman opened the door cautiously, evidently much frightened, and asked "what is wanted?" We explained that "there was no occasion for alarm, that we meant no harm, we only wanted to know if she could give us a snack of some kind." She informed us she had nothing in the house to eat. We incidently complimented her dairy house down the hill, and told her that we had never seen as beautifully arranged a place as she had for milk and cream. Her expression denoted alarm, and she asked us if we had really been there? We relieved her apprehensions by saying that we left it as we had found it. She invited us in the house at once and brought out the proverbial Dutch loaf, then added apple butter, cream and other appetizing extras, evidently bent on keeping us away

from her creamery. I don't mean to imply by relating this story that our soldiers never molested anything in the country through which they passed. My impression is, however, that the South suffered more than the North from raids of Southern foragers.

When the battalion was in camp at Orange Court House, September, 1863, the First Company had just gotten a recruit. Bill Blount was his name. One morning Sumpter Turner and D. H. Garland, who were in the same mess, saw Bill Blount wielding an ax like a backwoodsman. "See the chips flying," said Sumpter to some of the boys standing near, "why the chopping down of that giant elm seems like child's play to Bill Blount. See here, Dave," said Sumpter Turner, who was always looking for a good thing and generally got it if it was to be had at all, "do you see that tall, long-legged new recruit over there cutting down that tree, let's you and I nab him for our mess. He'll be a treasure to us. We can get him to cut all our wood, and when we build winter quarters he'll be immense." So Bill Blount was honored with a room on the ground floor of "Buzzards' Roost." Sumpter began at once to instruct his new boarder how to act should a pig or any other venturesome animal force its attention upon him. While out in the woods one day these three gay foresters passed through a farmyard, when their attention was attracted to a number of bee hives that the busy little insects were swarming around, industriously storing away sweets, so that their larders might be well filled for winter. "Gee!" said Sumpter Turner, "wouldn't a little honey go well with our cornbread?" Sumpter had always been a most exemplary church man and had no idea of appropriating the honey, nor were his remarks directed to Bill Blount, but some-

how, that accommodating individual, who was anxious always to show his appreciation to those who had honored him with their confidence and companionship, took it for granted that the mess needed honey, and so he said to his companion: "Sumpter, if you will stay by me and beat off those pestiferous little devils, I will yank one of these bee gums from its resting place to my shoulder, and hurry to camp with it". And this he did. He had no sooner gotten the bee gum well in position, when the bees, discovering the mean trick being played on them, swarmed around his unprotected face, and the game little warriors went for him unmercifully. "Knock him off my nose," said Bill Blount to Sumpter. Whack, whack, whack! went Sumpter's hand, but he was not quick enough; before he could see where the bees would light, the daring little fighters would sink their proboscis deep into the flesh. It was first the nose then the ear, eyes and cheek. Bill Blount was game himself and despite the terrible punishment given him, strode manfully on with his precious load, depositing it in their mess tent at camp. The next morning the farmer came over to see Capt. Squires, of the First Company, and complained to him about the missing bee gum. Squires was very indignant, and ordered the First Sergeant to fall in the command. Capt. Squires addressed the company, and lectured them upon the evil of appropriating their neighbor's goods. "Now," he said, "I want to know who took that bee gum?" All the boys remained perfectly silent. He ran his eyes down the line and they rested upon Bill Blount. "What is the matter with your face, Blount?" (It was swollen out of all proportions.) "I had a fight, Captain," he said. "With whom?" said Squires. "With Sumpter Turner, sir." "Well,

I will just put you under arrest for those bumps on your face are very suspicious." That evening Sumpter Turner, who was thought very highly of by Capt. Squires, took a pan of the honey over to the captain's tent, and said: "Here, Captain, is a pan of honey that I found over in camp, and I thought you might relish a little of it, for it is delicious. I want to say in this connection also that we all feel very sorry for Bill Blount and I can't see what evidence there is that he took the bee gum. If Bill Blount took that honey there must have been some one else in the plot, and it seems hard that he should bear all the blame." "Well," said Capt. Squires, "have him released, Sumpter, so long as I have a pan of the honey it is all right."

We were in winter quarters at Orange Court House. Snow was on the ground and it was intensely cold. Typhoid fever was spreading in the camp. No longer the muffled drum was heard telling, in sad and dismal tones, of the burial of some poor comrade who had succumbed to the dreaded disease; the silent tread of the burying squad had taken the place of all ostentation. I had been very ill with the fever, but it had left me, and I was a physical wreck. A detachment had just passed my rude canvas habitation, bearing another victim to his last resting place, when Dr. E. S. Drew, the efficient surgeon of the battalion, threw back the flap of my tent and stepped in with an anxious look upon his kindly face. The thought flashed across my mind that he has come to tell me that there is no hope for me. He took a seat on the edge of my bunk and taking my hand in his, said: "I have come to tell you, Baker, that if you want to live you must leave this place and go home to your mother at once." I told him that "I

thought I was too weak to make the trip, and besides I did not have the means to take me to Pensacola." "I will attend to all that," he said, "and you must go." The next morning I was placed in an army wagon and sent over to the railroad depot to remain in the commissary tent until the arrival of the train going to Richmond. I will not bore the readers of this story with an account of the terrible trip south. I had an order for transportation, but I was too ill to know what to do with it, therefore, it meant for me one continuous fight with conductors of trains all along the route. I arrived at Montgomery, Ala., accompanied by a number of soldiers who had been with me since leaving Richmond; they were going to Pensacola to join their regiments which were stationed there. I felt happy to find myself so near the home of my childhood and the dear devoted mother whose every thought was of her soldier boys. I was doubly happy when I discovered that the conductor of the train had been a classmate of mine in Pensacola. Our meeting was most cordial, but my heart stood still, when he handed me back my order for transportation, saying: "I can do nothing with that," (he passed along the aisle, only stopping for an instant to say) "unless you can manage to pay your fare, Baker, I will have to put you off; those are my orders." One of my soldier companions came over to me and said, "If you will defy that fellow, we will all stand by you, and prevent him from carrying out his threat." When he returned for my fare I told him that "I had traveled all the way from Virginia on the order I had shown him, and that sick as I was I defied him to try and put me off the train." That closed the incident.

I was suffering torture. Erysipelas had set in

my wounded leg, after leaving Knoxville, Tenn., and our train being late, I was almost in despair, as my strength had forsaken me. We arrived after midnight, and there being no vehicle at the station I determined to brace myself and bring all my nerve power to my assistance for the final effort to reach my house which was a short distance away. I staggered like a drunken man and every step caused me intense pain. I succeeded in getting to the front gate of my home to find it locked. I turned the corner and threw back the bolt of the side gate. It took but a moment to reach the house and exhausted I cast myself on the steps, the noise of the fall startled my young brother, Alden, who opened the door, and supported me to my mother's room. I shall never forget the look of anguish and the shriek she gave when she saw me. I had left home the picture of health and I had returned emaciated and ill. The army physician was sent for. I improved gradually under his skilled treatment and the good nursing given me, and I was soon pining to return to my command. My poor distracted mother tried very hard to persuade me that I was not sufficiently well to return to the hardships of army life, but all her pleadings were in vain. I felt that my duty called me to the front. With a heavy heart and a great sorrow on my mind at the thought of parting with my devoted mother, I packed my modest belongings and bidding her an affectionate farewell, I hurried off to Virginia to join my battery.

Upon my arrival in Richmond I met a friend who handed me an official document. I asked him, "What it was," and he informed me that "he did not know, that it had been sent to his care." Imagine my surprise and indignation when I opened the envelope

and found that it was a discharge from the army, owing to an old wound, which the surgeon who had attended me in Pensacola said disqualified me from active service. I then remembered my poor dear mother's solicitude for me and her earnest pleadings to have me remain longer at home, doubtless expecting to receive this longed for document—my discharge—which she had so adroitly and secretly worked to get me. The Washington Artillery was expected to arrive at any moment from winter quarters at Orange Court House where I had left them Feb. 3, bound up in camp by ice and snow, and from where my discharge had been issued March 7. I awaited them at the depot, and when my old comrades arrived they were surprised to see me and shouted a welcomed recognition. They were curious to know what I was doing in Richmond. I told them that "the discharge I had received from the army was no work of mine, and that I did not propose to let a little limp place me hors de combat."

We went into camp about two miles from Richmond, on the 13th of April, and on the 20th we were packed on a transport and sailed down the James River, landing at King's Wharf. We were very uncomfortable as a heavy and continuous shower of rain had wet us to the skin and we were without rations. General McClellan, who was a dashing officer, and for whom the Southern boys had a high regard, was concentrating his thoroughly equipped and well disciplined army to make a demonstration against our capital city, through the back door, as it were. Gen. Magruder, of the Confederate Army, had held the Peninsula for some time through sheer daring and genius in handling his small army, manoeuvring them in such a masterly manner as to

puzzle the enemy as to his strength and fighting capacity. Gen. Johnston was now in command of the Confederate forces in that district and he decided to evacuate Yorktown on the 4th of May, knowing his inability to hold the place against attack from McClellan by land and sea. McClellan had just assumed command of the Federal Army and it was evidently his intention to startle the world by the most brilliant move yet made against dear old Richmond. Gen. Johnston fell back to Williamsburg, where he made a stand, and where quite a fight occurred, McClellan attacking our forces May 5th, the advantage being with the Confederates. Johnston, however, continued retreating until he reached a point nine miles from Richmond behind entrenched lines. McClellan advanced his army to Fair Oaks and threw up earthworks and May 31st the battle of Seven Pines was fought. The battle of Seven Pines, known by the Federals as Fair Oaks, was the first of a series of battles around Richmond. In this fight Gen. Johnston was severely wounded. He was first hit by a minnie ball and was then struck by a fragment of shell and knocked from his horse. Gen. R. E. Lee then assumed command of the Army of Northern Virginia. The Confederate Army had fifteen thousand men engaged at Fair Oaks and we lost six thousand. The army of McClellan had nineteen thousand engaged and lost five thousand. We captured, however, four hundred prisoners, six cannon and three thousand new rifles.

Poor McClellan, he had started out with such brilliant expectations, and now we find him falling back under the protection of his gunboats, beaten and discouraged. Our battery reported in Richmond to Gen. Lee and we went into camp at Blakely's Mill Pond

about two miles from the city. I was down near Yorktown when McClellan was preparing to make his demonstration on that place, and hearing the fleet was going to shell the city I decided to see the bombardment, if possible, as I knew the commodore of the squadron, Shetleworth, who had married a Pensacola lady. His son was in a nearby Florida regiment and being a friend of mine, I proposed that we go and see the shelling, which he eagerly consented to do. We secured mounts and arrived just as the big guns of the fleet opened on the Confederate works where we were standing. The enormous "lamp posts," as the boys called those kinds of projectiles, exploded all around us, but as far as we could see did no damage except to plow up a lot of earth and scatter debris in every direction. They kept up their furious shelling for an hour.

The evening after we pitched our tents at Blakeley's Mill Pond there was a heavy rain which flooded the ground upon which we peacefully slumbered and washed most of our belongings into the mill race below. Next morning it was curious to see the boys fishing for their tin pans, cups, etc.

Blakeley's Mill Pond, however, was a delightful camping ground in many respects. We were able at almost any time, when off duty, to go to Richmond and renew our acquaintances with the most charming and cultivated women in the world. The doors of the homes of these patriotic and self-sacrificing people of Richmond were ever open to the Washington Artillery, and their acts of kindness and devotion to all the soldiers of the "Lost Cause" will ever be cherished by them.

One Sunday afternoon I visited Richmond to call upon a number of ladies from New Orleans who were

in the Capital City to see some of their soldier relatives. It was always a most pleasurable event with us to be able to meet our friends from home. During the afternoon our conversation drifted to a subject which was a most popular one with the boys of the Washington Artillery, "the beautiful women of Richmond." The boys were raving over the beauty of one of the leading belles of the city, and it was the opinion of those present that Miss Page Waller was one of the handsomest and most fascinating young ladies that they had ever seen. Our Louisiana visitors declared that they had not yet seen any of those radiantly beautiful women that we so enthusiastically pictured and that they were inclined to believe that most of our stories were mythical. I laughed and said if you ladies will remain quietly in your place until I can go and get Miss Waller and let you see her, I wager you will think as we do. I started post-haste for the young lady's home. I found her in her parlor entertaining a young man of a prominent Virginia family, who evidently had just entered. Not being much of a diplomat the subject of the Sunday evening walk might have been awkwardly presented. I said: "Miss Waller, I have been thinking about you all the morning and hoping that you would accept an invitation from me to take a walk this evening." She looked a trifle puzzled and said: "I am very sorry, Mr. Baker, but my friend here—pointing to Mr. B——) has asked me to take a walk with him." Then hesitating for a moment, she said: "Mr. B——, you are a cousin of mine, and you don't count. I'll just make you wait until another time, and I will accept Mr. Baker's invitation." We promenaded down Franklin Street, the residential street of Rich-

mond, where I knew I would find the ladies from home waiting to see her. Up in the graceful spires of the sacred places chimes were sending forth their glad refrain, proclaiming peace and good will to man, the birds, too, in the boughs overhead were sweetly caroling their welcome to spring; the whole atmosphere seemed radiant with poetry and gladness as I walked proudly beside that handsome and charming daughter of Virginia. We passed in full view of my friends, who were patiently seated on the porch scanning the beautiful avenue for our approach, Miss Waller never suspecting for an instant that she was the center of attraction and admiration.

After seeing Miss Page Waller safely home I went immediately to the ladies from New Orleans to learn their verdict. They admitted that our estimate of her queenly grace and beauty was not exaggerated in the least.

The beautiful Miss Page Waller is, I am told, still a resident of dear old Richmond, where she was married many years ago. If she should chance to see this reference to her past, in my modest little booklet, I hope she may pardon one who has carried pleasant thoughts of her with him for fifty years, without having seen her since that Sunday evening walk.

I never had worn a pair of boots. I was always of the opinion that my instep was too high for boots, but as some of the boys seemed so comfortable in them I concluded to have me a pair made. I went to a good shoemaker, that is he had been recommended to me as such, and gave him an order, the cost of which was to be \$75. Crossing over a small stream near Blakely's Mill Pond several days after-

wards, they got wet. I threw them away—their soles were made mostly of paper.

One of the most serious objections to this camp were the swarms of flies known as the “blue bottle” variety, which infected the place. These nauseating pests were all the more objectionable and disgusting because we knew that they came from hospital refuse, in the shape of amputated limbs, dumped in the woods nearby. Help was very limited in Richmond, and often from this cause could be seen rows of coffins in the cemetery we had to pass constantly waiting for the shovel and spade. One night on my way out to camp from the city I saw something glistening in the briars down in a ditch. I was curious to know what it was, so I pushed through the brush and secured it. My companion, who was in a great hurry to reach camp as it was quite late, protested “that there was no use fooling with that phosphorescent stick.” I laughed and said: “Don’t you suppose those boys we left behind in Richmond saw those unburied coffins in the cemetery? You know that they are all dauntless soldiers who would not hesitate to charge an enemy’s battery and club the cannoneers if ordered to do so; they are the bravest of the brave for they have never flinched in battle. Let’s try them on a spook. Those two trees standing in front of the cemetery will be just the place to try their courage. I will get under the first tree and you take your stand under the other. When the boys make their appearance I will move out to meet them, under the shadow of the tree, on all fours, shaking this phosphorescent stick from side to side between my teeth and at the same time groaning. You must follow suit, and there will be something doing. Here they come now. Get to your

post quickly.” There must have been at least fifteen in the party and they were singing and whistling, no doubt, to keep their courage up while passing the cemetery. With a most heartrending moan I confronted them, swinging my lighted tongue and swaying from side to side like a serpent. My companion acted his part well. These gallant soldiers, who were accustomed to taking all kinds of risks, came to a full stop, and for an instant seemed petrified; then with a shout they made a wild rush back to Richmond. Of course, we beat a retreat not knowing what kind of torture we might expect if we were caught red-handed. We hurried off towards camp and hid in the bushes on the side of the road to await the return of those who had had the thrilling adventure with the prowling unearthly monsters. It seems no one in Richmond could be made to believe such a wild story as they related, but nevertheless it caused the timid to feel a little creepish. It was some time before they ventured to return, and then only when the crowd had been augmented by all the boys in the city who were going out to camp that night. It was laughable to hear them as they passed our hiding place, describe the horrible creatures they had seen—their stories were blood-curdling.

The next day and for many days afterwards the whole camp was enlivened by the remarkable yarns. No one believed half they said, but it was a noticeable fact that there was no one at the Blakely’s Mill Pond who was foolhardy enough to go past that cemetery at night alone. We kept silent about the part we took in the apparition scare for fear of being mobbed.

The battalion arrived in the foothills back of Fredericksburg Nov. 22nd, 1862, and pitched their tents, and the camp soon assumed a homelike ap-

pearance, and although Burnside, who had superseded McClellan in the command of the Army of the Potomac, was known to have massed his whole army near Fredericksburg just across the Rappahannock, the boys in our camp were as merry and happy as could be, with the anticipation of getting into action again.

Sam Jones, the noted Southern evangelist, once said: "A little fun in religion was a very good thing." Why should not this fact be applicable also to army life?

Our dramatic association lost no time in preparing a suitable place to give entertainments, so all the boys lent a hand in erecting a playhouse. They went merrily to work with hatchets chopping bows to encircle the open air theatre and providing logs for seats. The side scenes are blankets and the drop curtain a tent fly with cross cannons and "W. A." in charcoal letters. Fires were built to warm the place and give plenty of light.

"The Lady of Lyons" was the play. Lieut. Stocker, as Claude Melnotte, in braided artillery jacket and red kepi, and Sergeant Jno. Wood, as Pauline—we won't tell where he got the skirts. The after piece was a "roaring farce." These entertainments were not only enjoyed by the members of the command, but the country folks 'round about, to whom we were indebted for many courtesies. There was nothing left undone by the boys, in winter quarters, that could contribute in any way to enliven the humdrum life they were leading. We had a species of hazing like that practiced in college life and when a recruit was sent to swell our depleted ranks the boys would devise some suitable scheme to haze him. A young man by the name of Phillips, who afterwards was an attorney

in New Orleans, had just arrived and, of course, something must be done to wake him up to the realization of his position in the army. A nearby farmer furnished us the opportunity we desired. He had lost some chickens and had complained to the officers about it. Why he suspected poor innocent boys like we were I never knew. Phillips was forthwith charged with appropriating the farmer's fowls. He indignantly denied, of course, this outrageous accusation, but to no purpose, so he was arrested and warned that the charge being a very grave one he should secure counsel to defend him. There were a number of legal lights in the battalion. The day of the trial we repaired to the improvised theatre with judge, prosecuting attorney and jury. Phillips was seated with his legal adviser, who strenuously objected to every move that was made by the prosecuting attorney, but our judge was a "wise one" and overruled all objections, and the trial proceeded.

"Call the witness, Mr. Clerk." "Mr. —, do you know the prisoner at the bar?" "Yes sir, I have known him for a few days." "Tell what you know about the case before the court." "I know very little about it." "Little louder, sir, the acoustics of this building are not good." "I only know that Phillips had chicken for dinner the day the chickens were missing." "That will do." "Mr. B——, what can you tell about this case?" "I know nothing about it except I saw feathers blowing out of Phillips' tent the day that the farmer says he lost his chickens." "You are a liar," says Phillips, whereupon Mr. B—— called upon the court to protect him against the rage of the accused.

The judge, with great dignity, was equal to the occasion and instantly squelched Phillips.

“Mr. C—— what do you know about this case?”
“I don’t know why I was summoned as a witness. I do not want to reflect upon the character of any comrade. I only know that while out walking the evening before the chickens left their own home and fire-side, Phillips was leaning over the fence, and seemed to enjoy the looks of the beautiful flock of birds in the farmer’s yard. He seemed to be picking his teeth with pleasant anticipation, but that might not mean anything. I would pick my teeth too at the sight of such a bunch of hens after I had been living on bad bacon for months.” A number of other witnesses testified and a case of strong circumstantial evidence was made out against the recruit and after a heated argument by the prosecuting attorney and the attorney for the defense, the jury retired and soon returned with a verdict of not guilty. Up to this time Phillips looked serious and perturbed, but he now realized that he had been made the butt of a huge joke. He arose from his seat, and in a voice full of emotion exclaimed: “I can whip the whole battalion in detail.” This announcement caused one long and continuous howl, and this is how Phillips became initiated.

One day, Dec. 10th, I was in want of some writing material. I determined to run into Fredericksburg and get it, and as several others were going on the same errand we thought it might be pleasant to go together. We secured what we wanted in the city and were about to return to camp, when we were arrested and placed in a large warehouse where we found several hundred officers and privates who could not understand why they were being detained. There were seven in our squad and we were told to fall in. We were marched over to the headquar-

ters of some Mississippi regiment, whose Colonel instructed a guard to make a list of our names and take us over to the Washington Artillery headquarters and get a receipt for us. We were very much worried for fear that Col. Walton, our commander, would severely censure us for leaving camp without permission, therefore something must be done to escape his wrath. We knew that Lieut. McElroy, who was a great favorite of the boys, was the officer of the day. If we could only get a message to him, he would protect us. As we marched along the road we succeeded in concocting a scheme to beat our armed Mississippi guard. It was agreed that some of us were to walk fast and the others slow, if necessary those in the rear to feign lameness. We got the guard very much worried, and he threatened to do violence several times unless we closed up. One of the lamest of the squad had escaped, running like a deer, and soon two others dashed off through the bushes, thus insuring us that Lieut. Frank McElroy would be out on the main road which was about two hundred yards from our camp, to meet us. As we approached I said: "There is our commander now." McElroy wanted to know "what he (the guard) was doing with his men," when the guard handed him the list. "This list," said McElroy, "calls for the delivery of seven men, and you bring me four. What does this mean?" "Well," stammered the guard, "I did not want to kill anybody, and that is why the others escaped." "You go back to your Colonel," said McElroy, "and tell him that if ever he arrests any of my men again without cause I will turn my battery upon his regiment."

The morning of December 11th. everything was

astir and the camp was alive with activity. The reveille and boots and saddles had been sounded and Gen. Burnside's big signal guns had warned us that another Union commander with a mighty army, magnificently equipped and provisioned, was about to try and retrieve the lost prestige of his gallant predecessor, McClellan.

We were soon off over the slippery and frozen road to Marye's Heights. The first company under Capt. Squire; the Third under Capt. Miller, and the Fourth under Capt. Eshleman, took the positions assigned them in the redoubt and the Second company under Richardson was ordered to report to Gen. Pickett near Lee's Hill. From our position on the heights we could plainly see the city, which was to be the center of one of the most spectacular battles ever recorded in history. Over the Rappahannock upon the high hills overlooking Fredericksburg one could distinctly see the movement of the enemy's forces as their bayonets glistened in the sunlight and their colors floated to the breeze.

Far over the beautiful hills perched high upon the crest of one of them like a beacon light, and vividly silhouetted against the sky, sat a Colonial mansion which was occupied, no doubt, by some Federal general. It was there that floated gracefully the Stars and Stripes. As it fluttered in the breeze it seemed to beckon to the Southern army a farewell and a warning that the men of the North were going to descend upon them and destroy all their hopes and aspirations.

Here the Confederate forces, under the peerless leader, Lee, awaited the advance of Burnside's magnificent Union army, composed mostly of veterans of many battles, an army the equal of which had pos-

sibly never been marshaled in any country. This great army of the Republic numbered one hundred and thirty-two thousand men, and they had come to cross swords with sixty-nine thousand patriots of the South, who were poorly fed, shabbily clothed and indifferently equipped. We looked out across the field in front of Marye's Heights where stood humble homes of small farmers dotting the plain that was to be the stage of a great drama which would consign many brave and gallant soldiers to eternity. Then we lifted our eyes over these primitive abiding places and rested them upon the old Revolutionary city, Fredericksburg.

It was in and near Fredericksburg, the quaint old Colonial city, shadowed by the Stafford Heights and bordered by the beautiful Rappahannock that many of the greatest statesmen and soldiers of the American Revolution were born and reared.

We were breathing the same atmosphere that had nurtured George Washington in his youth and where he imbibed from his distinguished mother the noble qualities which made him the greatest statesman and soldier of his time. It was in this city that his mother reigned with queenly dignity and dispensed so graciously favors from her hospitable home. It was here that General Lafayette was entertained by her as well as many other men of note, and it was here also that she was laid to rest. The distinguished Governor Spotswood, of Virginia, whose memory will ever be green in the annals of American history had his home here. No doubt Fredericksburg is the most historic city in the most historic state in the Union. In 1608 Capt. John Smith anchored his little vessel near the city at the falls of the Rappahannock and fought the Indians; and it was here also that the

first iron mine ever worked in America was located; it furnished the cannons and balls to the army of Washington. Among the other statesmen and soldiers who were born and reared within the radius of this city we find the names of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Lee. Is it a wonder then, with such lives and deeds before the men who composed the rank and file of the Army of Northern Virginia, that their minds should have been fired with patriotism and their breasts filled with pride and ambition as they valiantly stood in battle array before the grand and imposing army of the Northern Republic, challenging them to combat? The Union army had marshaled their mighty hosts upon Stafford Heights in glittering splendor, and in overwhelming columns in their determined effort to crush the Southern army which stood stubbornly and defiantly barring their way to their coveted goal, Richmond, the capital of our young and struggling Republic.

The Federal General Sumner had demanded the surrender of Fredericksburg and threatened to bombard the city if his demand was not acceded to. This threat caused all the residents who could get away to gather what they could of the necessities of life and fly for their lives to a place of safety behind the Confederate lines. This exodus of the inhabitants had been going on for some days and the city was practically deserted. Only those made of stern material remained to take their chance of escaping the frightful results of a bombardment. Marye's Heights where the Washington Artillery were stationed jutted out towards the city forming a sort of salient and is nearer to it than any of the other fortifications, and on the right looking towards Fredericksburg is Lee's Hill. The plank road passes over the former, and

the Telegraph road to Richmond over the latter. At the foot of Marye's Hill is a sunken road which is flanked by a stone wall about breast high. We could hear distinctly the sharp crack of the rifles from the gallant Mississippians, Barksdale's regiment, who were with accurate aim preventing the Federals from putting in place their pontoon bridges. These brave boys of Mississippi were on the banks of the Rap-pahannock and were also with watchfulness and diligence stationed in the houses in the city from the windows of which they were able to witness every move of the enemy, particularly the point at which the Federals were using every effort to build a crossing over the river for their army. The commander in chief concluded that it was impracticable and dangerous under such a fire as was being directed against his men by the Confederates to prosecute the work and therefore concluded to shell the city. During the bombardment the shells crashed through the houses, crushing them like egg shells, setting them on fire and demolishing scores of them. It was then that some of the brave and daring men of the Union army made a lodgement on the banks of the river in boats, crossing under a galling fire directed against them by Barksdale's men. These gallant Mississippians bravely contested every inch of their way and fought from street to street until overwhelmingly assailed they fell back. The bridges now being built the Federal army marched into the historic city with over one hundred thousand men. I shall never forget the exultation of the army of the Republic that night; bands played, drums beat, horns blew and every known character of noise conceivable was resorted to to enliven their great jollification reminding one of a boisterous carnival night in the

“Crescent City.” One might have supposed that Burnside’s men were celebrating some important victory. Away into the night they kept up their revelry while the glare from the burning buildings of the invaded city lit up the landscape for miles around.

What meant this hilarity among the men of the North—did they suppose that they had already vanquished the Southern army? If so, the sequel shows that they must have been sadly disappointed. I must admit that as I stood upon the redouts on Marye’s Heights, the day before the battle and saw the majestic hills across the Rappahannock which seemed to undulate like the swells of a mighty ocean crowded with human freight in brilliant array and illumined by the glint of the sunlight flashing from sabre and bayonet as the mammoth swells rolled on down to the river, that the poorly equipped Confederate army was in imminent danger. Behind the stone wall which flanked the sunken road at the foot of Marye’s Heights was stationed Gen. T. R. R. Cobb’s brigade of McLaw’s division of Georgians with the twenty-fifth North Carolina regiment of Ransom’s division. A part of Ransom’s troops were held out of sight in the rear as a support to our position. The Washington Artillery had the position on the right of the line on Marye’s Heights. On the left was the Donaldson cannoneers and still further to the left was stationed Col. E. P. Anderson’s artillery batallion and the guns of the general reserve.

A heavy and impenetrable fog shrouded the field before the entire line of the Confederate defenses, and all eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of Burnside’s army and all ears were attuned to discover the faintest sound of the tramp of his advancing

columns. Gens. R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson rode down the Confederate line, from point to point, to inspect them, and for the time being the enemy was forgotten. These knightly figures reined in their trusted mounts to say a word of encouragement and praise to the dauntless and ever-ready boys of their command, who were in turn cheering their brave leaders enthusiastically. When Hamilton's Crossing was reached, the extreme right of the line, they found that gallant warrior, Gen. D. H. Hill, mounted upon his faithful steed, with a tight grip upon his bridle and with eyes flashing, anxiously trying to pierce the mist which separated both armies from view.

Burnside had sent up balloons the day before the battle to make an aerial reconnoiter and evidently calculated that a large part of Lee's army was still some distance down the Rappahannock, too far away to be gotten in time to assist in the repulsing of the assault he was contemplating on the right of the Confederate line on the 13th, but that astute and watchful leader Lee, soon perceived his antagonistic intention. Capt. J. P. Smith, one of Jackson's staff, was dispatched late in the day on the 12th to order Gen. D. H. Hill to hurry forward his division and join Jackson at once. Capt. Smith rode with whip and spur eighteen miles to reach Hill's headquarters and the swift footed men of Hill's division were off at once to join Jackson at Hamilton Crossing. Hill arrived the next morning at dawn and took his position on the right of Stonewall Jackson, ready for the assault. What greater heritage could have been left this splendid soldier, D. H. Hill, than to have had his name linger upon the lips of these two great Generals, R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, as life

ebbed peacefully and trustingly from their tired bodies and their souls took their flight to eternity.

At 10 o'clock the fog lifted and, like a bridal veil, the mist unfolded and drifted gracefully away, revealing to the startled vision the most impressive and vivid spectacle of grandeur ever witnessed by a soldier. Barksdale's Mississippians had harassed the Federal advance line until now, but the overwhelming columns of the coming enemy caused them to fall back to the main line. Now the army of the Potomac in all its magnificence is hurrying out of storm-swept Fredericksburg by way of Hanover street to the field, where they formed into brigade fronts and with superb discipline and perfect alignment marched in double quick across the meadow with their new accoutrements and rifles of burnished steel glistening in the sunlight and their gay and handsome colors thrown to the breeze.

There is French's and Hancock's divisions of the Second Corps of the Union army, both of these noted officers of these commands are veterans who have stood the clash of many hard-fought battles; they are masters in the art of war, and are daring and courageous soldiers. They are now swinging their long and steady line against the Southern works, but there are brave and tried men who await them behind the stone wall, and on Marye's Heights. Col. Miller Owen, the adjutant of the Washington Artillery, who was one of the most gallant and conspicuous officers in the service was asked by Gen. Longstreet, who commanded the center and left of that day, to deliver a note to Gen. Cobb, who commanded the brave Georgians in the sunken road at the foot of the hills. It read: "If Anderson, on your left, is badly pressed, he will fall back to the second line

of heights. Conform to his movements." Gen. Cobb read the note carefully, and then said: "If they wait for me to fall back they will wait a long time." This was the daring bravery and heroic spirit that pervaded the whole Southern army and made it invincible. It was men like these that the coming long blue lines were to break upon like the waves of the sea, only to be swept back again, leaving upon the fatal beach, like stranded pebbles, 40 per cent of the gallant men whose courage was never equaled and whose bodies laid in piles and cross piles upon this dreadful field of slaughter. The terrible sight made the Southern boys sick at heart to know that the silent men who were dotting the field before them, numbering thousands of the flower and chivalry of the North, had gone down under the galling and merciless fire of their guns.

THE BATTLE.

The Federal line is forming in front. What a magnificent sight it is. Horsemen dashing hither and thither carrying orders, loud bugle calls and the continuous rolling of drums announced plainly to the experienced soldier, that Burnside's grand army is about to assault the Confederate line. That great soldier, Stonewall Jackson is in command of the right of the line at Hamilton's Crossing and with him are those intrepid soldiers, A. P. Hill, Taleferro and Early. D. H. Hill had arrived at dawn that morning with his division after a forced march of 18 miles over the slippery and frozen road and is held in reserve in the rear of Jackson's right ready for the fray when needed. The dauntless and debonair Confederate cavalry leader, Stewart, is hovering around the right of Jackson's forces.

The stubborn fighter, Longstreet, has command of the center and left, and Anderson's division is on the extreme left of the line stretching to the banks of the Rappahannock. The Washington Artillery's commander, Col. J. B. Walton sits proudly astride his superb coal black stallion "Rebel" on the crest of Marye's Heights looking the picture of Napoleon the 3rd, with glasses in hand as he eagerly scans the field in front, watching the movement of the Federal army, which is being marshaled for the grand assault. Lee's two signal guns had sounded the warning to the Confederate army to be ready to meet the enemy.

Thin white puffs of smoke float out from the iron throats of 400 big long range guns planted high upon the crest of Stafford Heights by Burnside where they could command not only Marye's hill but the lowlands for several miles up and down the Rappahannock river, and above and below Fredericksburg. The continued roaring of these guns and the mad screech of their projectiles might have frightened recruits or inexperienced soldiers but it did not curb the enthusiasm nor did it weaken the equilibrium of the gallant fighters of the army of Northern Virginia. These men had followed Lee and Jackson and other distinguished chieftains through many hard fought battles, exhibiting a courage and daring the equal of which was never known. When the heavy shot and shell rained down mercilessly upon the Confederate line from Stafford Heights and beat heavily against their rude earthworks, throwing sand and gravel in their faces and zig zagging with a shrill whir over the brave Georgians at the foot of the hill, one might have supposed that the small army of Lee's had but

a shadow of a chance against such thundering artillery.

Under the cover of a dense fog Gen. Franklin with an army of 55,000 men had crossed on pontoon bridges at Deep Run, below Fredericksburg, and when the fog lifted there was revealed to Jackson's view the grand array of the best fighters of Burnside's army only a few hundred yards away, ready to give battle.

Meade with 5,000 men first moved forward to the attack, evidently fully impressed with the idea that they were storming a weak point of the Confederate line. They drove back Jackson's sharpshooters who up to that time held the line of the railway that leads from Fredericksburg to Richmond.

Jackson met the assault with the characteristic bravery and dash of his command, and drove the enemy back, while that daring cavalry officer, Stewart, gave the advancing enemy a raking and slaughtering enfilade with solid shot which the "gallant Pelham" hurled at them from a slight elevation south of the Massapomax river which was in advance of Jackson's right.

Meade was checked in his advance but the enemy brought into action five Federal batteries and while they sent whirling shot and shell into the Confederate line Meade determined to try another assault but this time Lindsey Walker's batteries opened upon them and again they were driven back before the infantry could fire a shot. Gen. Lee who had witnessed these charges of the enemy from Lee's Hill turned his attention to the center of his line. The Washington Artillery had accepted the challenge of the big guns on Stafford heights and were waiting patiently for Gen. Sumner to make the advance upon their works. While the big guns were

roaring from the heights across the Rappahannock Burnside had sent Hooker to join Franklin in his efforts to turn the right wing of the Confederates held so stubbornly by Jackson. Sumner began his attack on Longstreet at Marye's heights about the same time, 11 o'clock, that Franklin began his assault on Jackson. For nearly two hours the guns on Stafford Heights kept the air seared with deadly missiles. Sumner had crossed his forces the day before the battle on pontoon bridges opposite Fredericksburg and occupied that colonial city. He moved out from its suburbs that memorable morning of the 13th of December, 1862, under a withering fire and sought the cover of the streets and other sheltering places. He was going to make a desperate attempt to capture the annoying and death-dealing batteries of the Washington Artillery, the guns of which were belching destruction from Marye's hill, and blasting all his hopes of carrying Longstreet's defense. There were "cannons to the right of them, cannons to the left of them, cannons in front of them, volleyed and thundered."

The broken plains lying between Fredericksburg and the sunken road at the foot of Marye's hill, with its stone fence in front and its battery crowned hills was swept by a galling cross fire of guns from front and from right to left. French's division of Sumner's corps led the Federal advance upon Marye's Heights. They marched out of Fredericksburg in a grand and imposing style with their colors aslant and their brilliant accoutrements glistening in the noon-day sun. They appeared at 11 o'clock as they marched over the canal bridge, then swung into line and with brigade fronts of about 200 yards interval marched steadily forward. Then it was that the

batteries of the Washington Artillery on Marye's heights threw into their ranks death dealing blows which made great gaps in their line. Notwithstanding the great havoc made by the artillery upon them they bravely closed up and pressed forward to Marye's Heights it would seem with a bravery born of desperation only to encounter the ceaseless and stinging fire of 2000 riflemen behind the stone wall. Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb, the intrepid soldier commander in the sunken road at the base of the height and the Georgians and North Carolinians under him were heroes of many battles and were not to be discouraged. With steady aim they poured sheets of lead into the ranks of French's men at short range and they piled over one another under the dreadful fire as their daring leader and comrades pushed on to their coveted goal, but fate was against them and the survivors of this magnificent command are swept from the field in great disorder and fly to Fredericksburg for shelter.

They had left 1200 or 1500 of their brave men upon the fatal field. It was then that Sumner ordered Hancock to the front. That splendid officer moved forward with his division of fighters gathering the remnants of French's scattered division to assist in the assault. The Confederate Gen. Ransom had succeeded Gen. Cobb who was killed in the first encounter, he added another regiment to those already behind the stone wall. Hancock's advance was met by a Confederate yell which passed along the whole line until the hills fairly rang with the battle cry of the Confederates. The fire was reserved for this superb division under Hancock until they were within short range, they having advanced to a point nearer the Confederate line than French had.

It was a grand sight to see the perfect discipline and faultless alignment of these well trained Federal soldiers as they steadily and bravely pushed forward regardless of what might come. The progress of Hancock's men was only checked by having to climb over the dead bodies of those who had preceded them. Now the guns with shot and cannister are raking them, and the riflemen behind the stone wall are pelting them with great bolts of lead, and awful gaps are opening all along their entire line. One gallant officer dashes to the front of the line astride a spirited horse waving his sword and shouting encouragingly to his men to close up and be steady. Sergeant W. J. Behan, who commanded the gun of which I was No. 1, said, "I will check that officer." He sighted the piece and ordered "Fire!" I jumped to the embrasure to see the effect of the shot. I found that this brave soldier had sprung from his horse and was holding the reins of the bridle as the shot struck the horse and killed it. He tossed the bridle aside and ran down the line cheering his men with his sword flashing defiance in the face of death.

With them comes Meagher's brigade, holding aloft the green flag of Ireland, and upon its folds is gleaming the golden harp of the Emerald Isle. The southern boys take another loop in their belts, grind their teeth a little harder and brace their nerves a little stronger to meet these imported foreigners under Meagher who were enlisted to fight the patriots of the South who were struggling so gallantly for their liberty and their homes. The traditions of their country should have warned them to take the side of the oppressed. If they had done this they would not have suffered the humiliation of defeat and have had their cherished standard trailing in the dust. How

different it was at Port Gibson, Mississippi when a hand full of brave men from Erin kept back a whole regiment of Federals. In this instance their thoughts must have been of their fatherland and the oppression it had suffered.

The fire was so great that many of the enemy crawled behind the heaps of dead bodies of their comrades in their effort to escape the dreadful and deadly fire. They too, like French's division were now scattering in their frantic effort to find some place of safety or temporary shelter from the rain of bullets, seeking imaginary security in the shattered houses and behind slight elevations and the railway cut, from which points they annoyed the Confederate line incessantly by their sharp-shooting. Howard's division assayed a third assault. The Confederate General Kershaw, was now commanding in the sunken road and he added two regiments of South Carolinians and one of North Carolina to the ranks of the exhausted Confederates who had stood so gallantly and defiantly the constant and persistent charges of the assaulting forces and thus their ranks being augmented with reinforcements of fresh soldiers, some of the best material in the Southern army, the sunken road was filled with fighters, the rear ranks loading the rifles and passing them to those in front, making the firing from behind the stone wall bloody and incessant. Howard made a bold and daring attempt to win the day, but his star of destiny was also to go down with all his hopes and ambitions shattered. His splendid division, too like the rest who had recklessly ventured to move across that fatal field to storm the Confederate line, were driven from it in dismay and fled back to Fredericksburg, leaving their awful quota of dead and

wounded upon the battle ground. Notwithstanding the disastrous charges made by the best fighters of the Federal army French, Hancock and Howard, Gen. Humphrey that Saturday evening at 5 p. m. appeared with his two brigades supported by Sike's division of regulars of the 5th corps with their bayonets set, moved to the front and to the assault. This forlorn hope seemed determined at all hazards to drive the Confederates from their position, but it took but a very few minutes to convince them that the task was worse than useless, for under the savage cannonading from the Confederate heights they break and scatter like the brave men who had gone before them, and seeking shelter behind a slight ridge where they were forced to lie in a recumbent position for over thirty hours, all that next day, Sunday, bottled up.

During the hottest time of this engagement the Twenty-fifth North Carolina volunteers reached the hill where Capt. Miller's Third Company of Washington Artillery guns were planted, and poured volleys into the lines of the advancing enemy; then dashing down the hill to the sunken road, stood shoulder to shoulder with Cobb's brave Georgians. In passing through Miller's redoubt some of these gallant boys were killed and as they had fallen in front of Miller's guns, their bodies had to be dragged from their muzzles before they could be fired. Corporal Ruggles had picked up a blanket which one of them dropped in Squire's redoubt, saying, "boys, this will be a good thing to have to-night." A few moments afterward with his sleeves rolled up and his youthful figure all aglow with the excitement, holding his sponge-staff in his hand ready to ram the cartridge home, he threw up his hands and fell

backward, killed. Corporal Francis Dunbar Ruggles was a handsome Boston boy, a general favorite with the men, for he was as brave as he was gentle and kind. He came of Revolutionary stock for his four great-grandfathers were in the army of Washington. President Lyon G. Tyler, of William and Mary College, once said of him: "Although George Ruggles was among the founders of Virginia none of his race ever came to Virginia until his descendant Francis Dunbar Ruggles marched to her defense in arms and shed his blood upon her soil, an event appropriately and almost poetically suggestive of the early connection."

But there are others of this fatal detachment of the First Company under Captain Squires who fell, also, under the deadly fire of the enemy's sharpshooters. When the gallant Ruggles is killed, Perry springs forward and seizes the sponge-staff as it falls from poor Ruggles' hands, but in an instant he is disabled by a shot through the arm which drops helplessly to his side. Rodd, who has been holding vent has his elbow shattered. Everett takes his place and he also goes down disabled. He is laid in the corner of the redoubt with Ruggles' lifeless body, but fearless to the last, calls to the boys to let him do something; "cut fuse if nothing else." Now Falconer, who was passing back of the gun, is shot behind the ear, and falls a corpse. Poor Ruggles, he used the blanket that night but as a burial shroud.

The loss of the Washington Artillery in this engagement was three killed and twenty-seven wounded. There was a little brick house just behind Capt. Squires' redoubt which was painted white when the battle opened, but it had been so raked with bullets

that it was blood red. As a matter of history Lee is said to have had less than 20,000 men engaged along the whole line, while we know that Burnside had at least 100,000 men opposing the Confederates.

Here is what one of the gallant men who participated in that battle says about the part his brigade took in the charge against the Confederates at Fredericksburg:

Philadelphia, August, 20, 1911.

Col. Henry H. Baker,
New Orleans, La.

My dear Colonel:—

I have your letter of 12 instant, with enclosure, "Reminiscent Story of the Civil War," and have been greatly entertained in your narration of those strenuous days. I hope you will remember me for future numbers. Gen. Mulholland, who wrote the book I sent you, died two years ago. He was a most gallant officer and as fair minded as he was brave. He always contended that but for the bravery of our foes in war we would not have suffered the great loss in so many battles that we did, nor would the war been as prolonged as it was. So say I.

Well do I remember the "Washington Artillery" and the sad havoc your battery made in my own regiment—the Sixteenth Michigan—on that memorable December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, wherein my brigade made the last charge of the day.

Burnside had sent brigade after brigade up Marye's Heights in futile attempts to dislodge your infantry from behind the stone wall at the telegraph road, and take the heights. No man ever reached the wall, but the ground in front of it was strewn with the

dead bodies of our men. The sacrifice was something awful as your people must have discovered after we had retreated across the Rappahannock.

It was about 5 p. m. of that never to be forgotten Saturday when my brigade was ordered to charge and take and hold a position within 150 yards of the sunken road, right in front of the present entrance to the National Cemetery. As brigade color bearer I was with the commander and in the front ranks of the charge. In advancing we had to wade waist deep in a mill race full of water and took our starting point from an old brickyard to the right of the cutting of the Orange and Alexandria R. R. Being fully exposed to view during the preliminary manoeuvres, your artillery made it very hot for us and we lost over 300 men in as many seconds, perhaps. We reached our goal, however, and sunk to the ground, where we remained thirty hours, hugging the earth in recumbent positions to keep out of range of your sharp-shooters, and momentarily expecting an attack from your forces all that dreary Sunday following the attacking charges.

The stench from the bodies of the dead comrades, strewn upon the field around us, was not more disgusting than the cries and moans of the sick and wounded begging for water. Repeated attempts to draw your infantry out had been ignored. Our position all that day was such that no man could rise to his knees without being seen by your sharp-shooters, and already several had suffered from being foolhardy. The extreme left of our line was about 100 yards from the entrance to the railroad cutting, where cover could be found, but the intervening ground was fully exposed to your men and it seemed like suicide to attempt the passage. Finally, another

comrade and myself volunteered to run the gauntlet of almost certain death to get water for the sick and wounded. As the commanding officer was desirous of getting a report to Gen. Burnside of our position, etc., we were permitted to make the attempt, and did succeed in accomplishing both desired results.

After the war, Col. Edward Hill (now dead) the last Colonel of my regiment, met one of your battery officers in Washington and in the course of conversation and comparing notes, your officer remembered, not only how our brigade had been "bottled up" in front of your lines all that Sunday, but he remembered seeing two men running the gauntlet of your sharpshooters in returning to the brigade. He further said, what I have reason to believe was the fact, that just as we were getting back General Lee rode down the line causing a diversion that probably saved our lives. That was how I knew we had faced each other at least once in the mighty struggle. It has been my pleasure to visit Fredericksburg several times since the war. I have gone, step by step, over the ground traversed and held by my brigade during that battle, and have stood on the spot pointed out to me as the place where your battery was located, so I know that it was your guns that sent some of my comrades into eternity. I wonder if it was missile from your own gun that shattered the staff of the brigade flag I carried that day in the charge at Marye's Heights, and which wounded me slightly in the ankle? I wonder?

Believe me, Colonel, I deeply appreciate your kindly assurances of friendship and reciprocate from the bottom of my heart.

Sincerely yours, &c.,

GEO. D. SIDMAN.

Gen. St. Clair A. Mulholland in his pamphlet, "Heroism of the American Volunteer," says: "The most astonishing thing connected with the history of the war 1861 to 1865 was the heroism displayed by the American Volunteer. We have reason to expect deeds of valor from the standing armies of the world, from men whose sole duty is to drill and spend their whole lives in preparation to fight; men trained to arms and supposed to be ever ready to die in defence of their country, but the records of all the bravery and self-sacrifice of all nations of the earth pale and become as nothing when compared with the heroism of the Volunteer Armies of 1861 to 1865. Not in the history of the world is there a record of any regiment or battery losing 50 per cent. in killed and wounded in a single battle until our War of the Rebellion, and we must remember the fact when recalling the gallantry of our own people. The armies of England did great deeds during the centuries past; the victories of Napoleon left the memory of their splendid fighting on many gory fields, but the Volunteers of America, both in individual heroism, and the gallantry displayed by them as an organization, have excelled every army that ever marched on earth. The farmer who, in 1861, left his plow in the furrow; the merchant who closed his store; the clerk who threw down the pen; the workmen who left the mill, and the school boy his books, forming regiments and batteries to go to the front, proved better, nobler and more heroic soldiers than any others known in history. * * * * The Southern soldiers were just as brave and just as heroic as their brothers of the North. Were they not so the losses of the Northern army would not have been so terrible, and now, as Americans, while

we cannot endorse the cause, we must admire the soldierly qualities and their heroism. In the words of McKinley, 'The bitterness of the war belongs to the past. Its glories are the common heritage of us all. What was won in the great conflict belongs just as sacredly to those who lost as to those who triumphed.' ''

All honor to the above mentioned soldiers, Gen. St. Clair A. Mulholland and Col. George D. Sidman. They both were brave and fair minded Federal soldiers. The latter's son, Lieut. Frank E. Sidman, recently resigned his commission in the 13th U. S. Cavalry with whom he had served eight years, and accepted a staff appointment under Maj. Allison Owen, who commanded the battery (the Washington Artillery) that shot away the top of his father's flap-staff and wounded him slightly in the ankle.

The battle of Fredericksburg, with all of its distressing and its heart rending features and its appalling splendor has passed into history. The low-lying clouds of smoke which had darkened the stage of this great drama had drifted away from the dreadful field of carnage. The rattle of musketry had ceased. There is only an occasional shot that rings out upon the air like the yelp of a belated hound from a long and unsuccessful chase.

The big guns were booming, it is true, but they are throwing their shells high over the heads of the gallant men in the redoubts on Marye's Heights, as they go screaming down the Telegraph road. The vivid and awful panorama of this most picturesque battle had faded from view; the curtain had been rung down, so to speak, and Burnside's head is on the block ready for decapitation. Like those gallant officers who had preceded him in the command

of this, the Army of the Republic, the greatest army perhaps the world has any record of, must also pay dearly to the Federal government the penalty of defeat. Our ammunition chests are empty, every shot has been hurled at the enemy and we are ordered to the rear and into bivouac. I called all the members of our detachment to the front to see the tires of the wheels of our guns. They were both covered with lead spattered upon them by the bullets of the Federal's sharpshooters who had tried so aggressively and persistently to pick off the cannoneers of the different detachments of the Washington Artillery. A South Carolina battery that had been held in reserve took the place of our command with well-filled chests of ammunition, and we turned to go. I ran my sponge-staff through a loop in the top of a bag of hard-tack and threw it over my shoulder and followed the gallant Sergeant John Wilcox, down the Telegraph Road. Wilcox's horse had been wounded and he was urging the poor, suffering animal along by striking him with the flat of his sabre, for he was fond of his faithful mount and did not want him to be left behind.

The long range guns of Burnside's on Stafford Heights were shelling this road vigorously, and making it a little unpleasant for us. I was walking just behind Sergeant Wilcox when one of the huge shells exploded, like a clap of thunder, just between us. Wilcox raised his sabre high over his head with the exclamation: "I am shot!" I threw down my sponge-staff and bag and ran to him. I found the impression of a piece of shell on his jacket as though it had been stamped there by a red hot iron, but strange to say it had not broken a thread in the cloth. Wilcox was doubled up for several weeks

afterwards from the severe blow received from this projectile. I had not proceeded far when I heard someone groan just across the ditch which ran along on the side of the road. I crossed over to see who it was and offer assistance. I found lying on his back, Armande Soniat, a member of our command, who said: "My foot has been shattered, Baker, by a piece of shell." I looked to see how badly he had been wounded and found that a piece of shell had entered his shoe between the sole and the ball of his foot, with the concave side and sharp edges cutting into his flesh. I took out the fragment of the rough missile and replaced the shoe and he was all right again and went on his way rejoicing.

The roads were wet and slushy and the bivouac grounds were any thing but inviting. My brother Page was not well and he and I concluded to seek shelter somewhere, some dry spot where he would not be exposed to the inclement weather. We visited one house in the vicinity and although a large cottage, we found that others had preceded us and there was not an inch of room to spare under its broad and spacious roof. We then crossed a field and struck out in another direction and we came to a two-story residence with a flower garden in front, making an attractive picture in the twilight. We opened the gate and approached the house. A negro servant appeared and we asked him, "Who lives here?" He said, "two maiden ladies by the name of French." We asked to see them. One of the two came to the door and we told her the object of our mission. She immediately said "why of course you are welcome, come in." Our shoes being incased in mud we attempted to scrape some of it off, but she said, "Never mind the mud, that will be attended

to.''' We were shown to a beautiful room on the second floor, and we at once opened our knapsacks to make ourselves comfortable and presentable and took out our pump-sole shoes which we always carried with us. When we finished and were enjoying the rest the servant announced "supper," we could not believe our ears, but we went down and were met at the foot of the stairs by one of the ladies who asked our names. We explained that we were brothers and gave her our name and the name of our command. We were ushered into the dining room and introduced to several officers of high rank, among them their brother, if I mistake not, General French of the Confederate army. After discussing the recent battle, around a cheerful fire, we retired for the night. The next morning we found our muddy shoes, of the night before, all polished and dry and we prepared to return to camp. Just as we were about to depart breakfast was announced and we enjoyed an old Virginia breakfast. We were profuse in our thanks to these kind ladies for their delightful hospitality. One of them followed us to the front door and assured us of the great pleasure it had given her and her sister to serve us. I saw the beautiful flowers on either side of the walk, leading to the gate, and I told her that they reminded me so much of my dear mother's home in Florida. She quickly remarked, "I see that you are fond of flowers; wait just a minute." She returned with a pair of shears and cut an exquisite bouquet for me. I thanked her again, and many times over for her kindness as we moved off for camp, but a short distance away. I turned to my brother when we had left the house and smilingly said, "What will the boys do to us Page, if I take

this bouquet of flowers to camp?" As dearly as I love flowers, particularly this bunch, which was given to me under such delightful circumstances by the charming lady we have just left, I would not dare to go into the midst of the boys at camp with polished shoes and a bouquet of flowers. I must therefore get rid of them before we reach our destination, see, there we are in sight of camp now, the poor boys are sitting on the damp ground around the fire cooking breakfast. I pressed the beautiful flowers tenderly and lovingly to my lips and with a silent and fervent blessing for the sweet woman we had left behind, and also with pangs of regret I gently laid the flowers in a tangled bower of vines growing by the road side. This exquisite cluster of flowers may have withered where I left them, under the burning rays of the morning sun, but I am sure that they have always kept fresh and green in the memory of the boy who left them there. Although half a century has passed and many curtains have been rung down upon the shifting scenes of this great drama, and hundreds of brave hearts who stood shoulder to shoulder with us during those strenuous days have gone from us forever, yet I have not forgotten, for an instant, the sweet Virginia women, who with open hands and generous hearts took us in at their home that cold and dreary December night near the dear old Colonial city—Fredericksburg.

I HAVE been aided materially in describing incidents of the great battle of Fredericksburg by the Confederate Military History, Vol. III, and by Col. Miller Owen's History of the Washington Artillery, and from a Northern source, Gen. Mulholland's admirable work, "The American Volunteer."

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY BANQUET AND PARADE

Comrades who were present on this the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Commands departure from New Orleans, May 27th, 1861, for the seat of war in Virginia.

Gen. W J. Behan, commander of the Washington Artillery Veteran Association, commanded on this occasion.

Andress, S. S.
Augustus, E. D.
Behan, W J.
Bartley, John
Bakewell, Rev. A. G.
Baker, Henry H.
Brown, C. H. C.
Blaffer, J. A.
Chalaron, Henry
Chalaron, Stephen
Coyle, W G.
Coleman, H. D.
Charpieux, E.
Charlton, W W
Cotting, C. C.
Cowand, A. S.
Cowand, C. T
DeGrange, Jos. H.
DeValcourt, Alex.
Doussan, H.
Emmett, John W
Fallon, L. C.
Freret, W A.
Fox, Chas. W
Florance, H. C.

Fell, W S.
Gennin, G. B.
Hare, W J.
Hardie, W T
Harris, C. A.
Hayward, W R.
Hedges, J. H. H.
Hero, A., Jr.
Holmes, John
Langdon, Thos.
Lamare, J. M.
Leclerc, Eugene
Leefe, Gus.
Lynch, P B.
Lazarre, D.
Little, William
Macready, L.
Marks, H. H.
Maxent, Geo. E.
McMillan, Robt.
O'Brien, Emile J.
Palfrey, Wm.
Pinckard, W F
Pipes, D. W
Ponder, John

Porter, J. R.
Palfrey, Chas.
Randolph, W A.
Selph, Dudley
Selph, McRae C.
Sevey, W S. E.

Smith, Chas.
Turner, Sumpter
Watson, Jno. W
Wood, F. W
Walker, Geo.

GUESTS

Hudson, E. M., President, Association Army of
Northern Virginia.

Gaines, J. W., Custodian, Memorial Hall.

Lemonier, Y R., President, Association Army
of Tennessee.

Owen, Allison, Major, Commanding Battalion
Washington Artillery.

NOTE

¶ This paper will be followed by a series dealing with the same subject.

